

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah  
Yo yo yo (yo yo)  
Yeah yeah yeah (yeah yeah yeah)  
Yo yo yo (yo yo)  
Yo yo

Yo, son duck down the alleyway  
Hot shots have him screaming like Cab Calloway  
You can hear the hooting and hollering from like a mile away  
I run with assholes who see a vic and salivates  
I don't touch the work, that's just something that I allocate  
Sectarian split, ineffectual Caliphate  
It's goma on the scale and difficulty to calibrate  
Don't ask me about nothing now I ain't trying to collaborate  
He saw an angel in the Lazarus pit  
This that Yahweh real king of Nazareth shit  
I ain't the one that you should walk into the labyrinth with  
And I ain't the motherfucker you should saddle with shit  
The dart spray semi-automatic like a ooh-wop  
Spit the rhyme then I bounce the master like a doo-wop  
It's a 249 and it's colder than hell  
And I treat this assholes like they JoJo the Whale  
(Put 'em in da fuckin' bat-troom)

Yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah, yo yo yo (yo yo)  
Yeah yeah yeah (yeah yeah yeah)  
Yo yo yo

Look  
In a resort in a housebed  
Your money short cause your mouth big  
Tryna put too much food in his mouth pit  
We take trips back and forth down south kid  
It's detrimental if you telling me after  
Hop with the Jet Set, Jello Biafra  
Panic in Needle Park, a 70s master  
Suicide, there's a ebony plaster  
The Prada duffel is a khaki tan  
Snake in the Eagle's Shadow lord, Jackie Chan  
Make salat on my deen like an Iraqi man (Allahu Akbar)  
It's feddy absolute green like it's Barry Mann  
This ain't the devil's dirt this is rare soot  
The shoemaker children go barefoot  
The way you die isn't fate it's a choice  
Watch your bombacлот mouth, take the bass out your voice

Yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah, yo yo yo (yo yo)  
Yeah yeah yeah (yeah yeah yeah)  
Yo yo yo (yo yo)  
(Aight)